

Canibus Lyrics

"Chase"

(feat. MF DOOM, Kool Keith & Justin Tyme)

On the move!
It's been a long time coming
Can-I-Bus and MF DOOM
They been waiting for this
Yeah, chase coming soon
On the move!

MF DOOM my cellmate, two-tone stealth paint
Wait for the Philadelphia freedom bell, the jailbreak
Chase? Nah, I overtake, you tailgate
How does carbon monoxide tastes, snail face?
They move at a snail's pace and get drowned by the Maelstrom weight
Crustaceans and deep water ocean plates
The great permeated purge, Serbian, no Siberian skirts
Two seconds before the die-off occurred (On the move!)
I was singing in a quiet church, through fast radio bursts
Helium stars, webcam search
A free spirit was the dead man first, tell me how does that work?
MF DOOM explain it to you next verse
Four footprints hydraulic, as for pilots
How about it? Royal purple dispersal for high mileage
Steam vapors from radiation create perpetual rain
In a hydroplane and don't ever chase them (On the move!)

Batman and Robin head bobbing, no Joker, Penguin
You see him freezing up like Mr. Freeze
Catwoman on the mind, the Batmobile design, Alfred the butler
Dynamic duo hustlers, burn rubber
Gotham City, I'm spinning in the gutter
Left the Batcave full of computers, the Mad Hatter the realest
See my bars red like Twizzlers
I'm so hot like Hot Wheels color shifters
Diagonal over Gotham City looking pretty (On the move!)
The Caped Crusader continues through the stages like a player
Pullin' up on the Joker while he playing poker
King Tut hoppin' out the Range Rover with brolic shoulders
Green Hornet and Kato see the Lamborghini doors open
Same rims on the BM as the Lotus
Dark blocks and they pop like Pop Rocks
Your girl on the cock, she jock a lot
The next episode reload (On the move!)

New evidence compels to reopen the murder case (Come on)
A witness emerged and snitched a certain name (Word?)
Description appeared somewhat like Churchill's weight (Haha)
A heavy man dressed grungy like Kurt Cobain (Haha)

A purple face can be seen on CCTV (Uh-oh)
Assisted precisely like CP3 Chris
Paul with blood on the claw so evidently
Be careful, this man knows his business, at ease (On the move!)
For sure, his motive was bad bad, not good
Rumors are out, a badass from the hood (Haha)
Still looking for him but they having no clue
Well, don't mess with assassins, you fools (Haha)

Cock the swammy back, don't hesitate, react
Believe that, they defecate where they eat at
More repulsive than the Boar's Head logo
The trees had 'em seein' impulses in slow-mo, woah (On the move!)
A whole lot of funk, a whole lot of drunk
Who knows? Coulda did a line or bump with Donald Trump
He hear voices in his head, he gotta jump
Not now, too much lactose, gotta dump
A wise owl, growl with a mean scowl
A stand-up dude even when he seem foul
Meanwhile, the world keeps on spinnin'
It seems the forces of evil keep on winnin' (On the move!)
Change of plans, now take that off your hands
Retreat back to the cave with your mans
Super Vill', salute Milk D, top bill
Top-notch, you chop meat, we chop krill
In the midst of trappin' and gun clappin'
DOOM twenty-five years in, son's slappin'
Wrote the key to life down on some napkin
You can't find it, whoever do is like-minded

On the move!
On the move!